



Fruit and Flowers—A Striking Contrast.

reflection of those glorious manifestations of skill and art combined that are to be seen throughout the year in Great Britain.

OF course the Chrysanthemum was the flower of the exhibition. It is the flower of the fall, and there were to be seen blooms as big as saucers, and to me the more beautiful singles and pompons. It is to be hoped that in the zeal for mere size the dainty little flowers represented by the two classes that have been mentioned will not be overshadowed. Sir Henry Pellatt scored heavily throughout the show and won the first prize and cup for an exquisitely arranged group to which several palms, especially Phoenix Roblinii, lent graceful aid. Mr. T. Manton, of Eglinton, was second, and his first prize Orchids were delightful, and so also were the displays from Mr. Chas. E. Lewis, of Toronto, and Messrs. A. J. Jennings and Co., Brampton. A charming flower feature was formed by the beautiful exhibits from the Dale Estate, of Brampton. Chrysanthemums were in grand array, and not only the monster blooms many inches in circumference, but the pompons and the singles. Of the last mentioned class a new kind received, and deserved, the first prize; it is named Dorothy Morgan, and originated in that well-known nursery; the flower is prettily formed and snow white. Carnations were superb. A noble bloom of purest white, William Turner, the largest in all the exhibition, was shown by Messrs. R. Jennings, Brampton. It measured thirty-two inches in circumference. A warm, enticing fragrance came from the Lilies of the Valley and Violets, and crowds centred round the decorated mirrors and dinner tables.

THE ROSES.

THE fairest flower of the garden was there in charming variety, and surely such a display suggests in time a society for the Rose alone. A great National Rose Society, of which the Dowager Queen Alexandra is the Patron, and takes a warm personal interest in its welfare, exists in England, and Canada should also possess such a delightful organization. This freemasonry of Rose-lovers is wanted, and no flower touches more deeply the heart of the people. The great Samuel Reynolds Hole, late Dean of Rochester, was the founder of the British Society, which comprises about 10,000 earnest members. He told the writer once a little

story of the love in which the queenly flower is held amongst the working population near Nottingham, the city of his birth. A lady friend of the Dean, while conversing with the wife of a mechanic during the coldest period of a long winter, observed that the parental bed appeared to be scantily and insufficiently clothed. She enquired if there were no more blankets in the house. "Yes, ma'am, we've another," replied the housewife, "but—" and here she paused.

"But what?" said the lady. "It is not at home, ma'am." "Surely, surely it's not in pawn?" "Oh, dear, no, ma'am; Tom has only just took it—just took it." "Well, Bessie, took it where?" "Please,



A Prize Table of Roses.

ma'am, he took it to keep the frost out of the greenhouse; and please we don't want it. We're quite hot in bed." A true story of floral devotion.

Novelties among flowers always fascinate not merely for their beauty, but showing that the hybridist is at work. His creations are the marvels of the vegetable world, and the writer's delight was sincere when a new Rose appeared in the exhibition. This is named "Milady," and came from A. N. Pierson, of Cromwell, Conn. The colour suggests that the parentage is Richmond and American Beauty, and three attributes are present—fragrance, rich colouring, and substance in the petals. It is a kind that should win popularity, and was given the hall-mark of approval, the certificate of merit.

The Making of a Garden

Eight Years of Personal Endeavour to Create an Interesting Garden Which is not yet Finished

By MRS. ALLEN BAINES

THESE pictures are of a garden that has been eight years in the making, and is not by any means finished yet. Perhaps one of many garden joys is this constant sense of something yet to be done; a new spot for some favourite, another rose bed, a turn in the walks here and there. So, altering and adding, we make our gardens, as the potter moulds his clay, and the form grows in beauty beneath the touch of the hands that love it, daily becoming more and more individual in its charm.

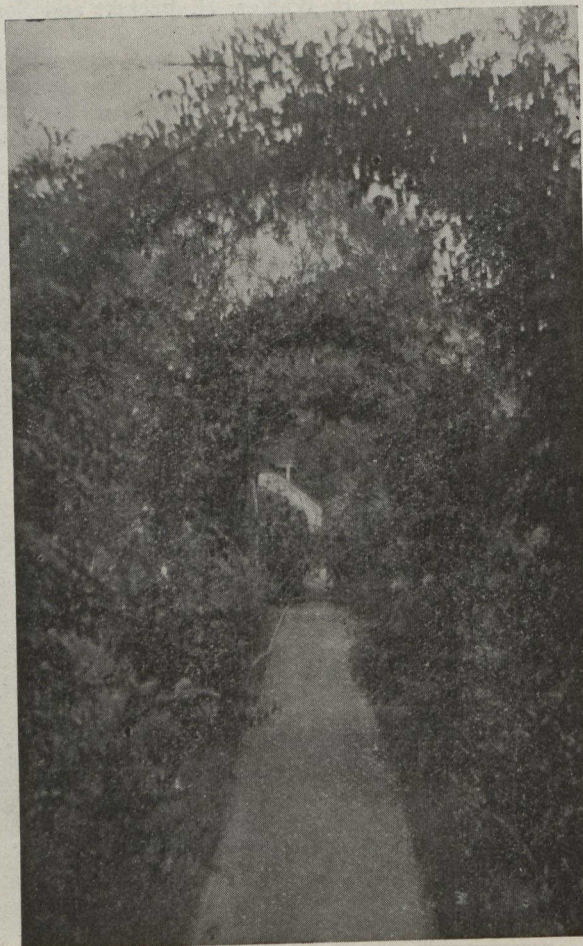
When building our house, we were fortunate in securing enough land to give us about one hundred and fifty by fifty feet at the back, with a frontage of about twenty-five by fifty feet. At the time of our entering into possession, the spot was, of course, disfigured by all the horrors of building excavation, but to part of it belonged the tradition of a former garden not to be forgotten by the citizens of Toronto. Upon it had stood the house of Mr. John Shaw, whose name is an historic one in the annals of the city. That home of his, in which he had received so many of Canada's most celebrated statesmen, and even Royalty itself, had been set among groups of lilacs and of flowering fruit trees, while around it white Madonna lilies had grown in masses of fragrant purity. Unfortunately, our house had to be built upon the site of all this beauty, but, if one believes in sweet influences, surely a message came from their garden of the past to mine in the making. The stones, standing in my rockery, were left for me by these kindly friends and contain sermons in themselves upon the lasting values of honour and worth.

Looking at these present pictures, the difficulties which had to be met present themselves very forcibly to me, and there comes a memory of that first view of featureless land, covered with building refuse and mortar, which made my heart sink within me.

There was, however, no garden expert at hand, upon whose shoulders I could heave my responsibility; November was here, winter was coming, the contractors were waiting and I set to work.

A detailed account of the garden-making would be tedious in the extreme, so I will try to take cer-

tain leading features which constituted, as it were, a nucleus around which all the rest of the plan shaped itself.



Arches of Honeysuckle and Other Vines in Mrs. Allen Baines' Garden, Bloor Street West, Toronto.

First there were the "bushbeds" near the house and on each side of it. These were planted with Syringa and with Deutzia, whose wreaths of snowy blossom were beautiful even in the following spring, and have been an increasing joy ever since.

Next in order came the planning of a centre garden path, covered with five rose arches made of galvanized wire. Against them were planted Crimson and Pink Ramblers, Hall's Honeysuckle, Clematis paniculata and White Polygonum. They looked very bare and very ugly until the climbers began, in the second year, to assert themselves. Now the "arch path" is a veritable bower in "leafy June." They have not been much trouble, though a certain amount of care, in the matters of summer feeding and winter wrapping, is necessary for arch roses.

With the ramblers the fact that the wood made in one summer provides flowers for the next makes the preservation of the young branches a matter of importance.

After the setting of the arches, the garden began to take form. So far, only half of the space had been planned, and it was arranged as follows: Along the boundary fences, east and west, were the perennial borders; between these and the centre path, on each side, was a small lawn, whose dimensions have waned, as those of the borders have waxed, until now they no longer deserve the name of "lawn," being only small plots of grass with a Colorado blue spruce in the centre of each. Should there be a vegetable garden? A fight commenced between the aesthetic and the utilitarian sense, and the latter prevailed. It was laid out and hidden from view, first by a double row of sweet peas, and later by a screen of those beautiful flowering shrubs which should find a place in every Canadian garden. Spiraea Van Houttei, or Bridal Wreath, Rugosa roses, large and single; Weigela, with its graceful festoons of apple pink; flowering Currant, filling the air with fragrance; Syringa and Lilacs of the best kinds, purple and white; of these my hedge was made.

The vegetable garden was divided into two long beds, and bordered with currants and gooseberries.